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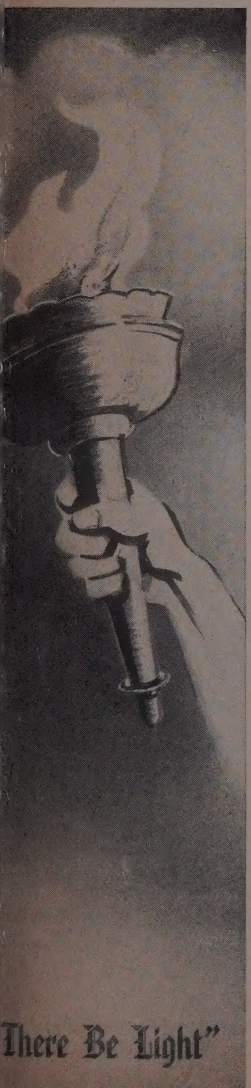
SEPTEMBER, 1942

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



There Be Light"

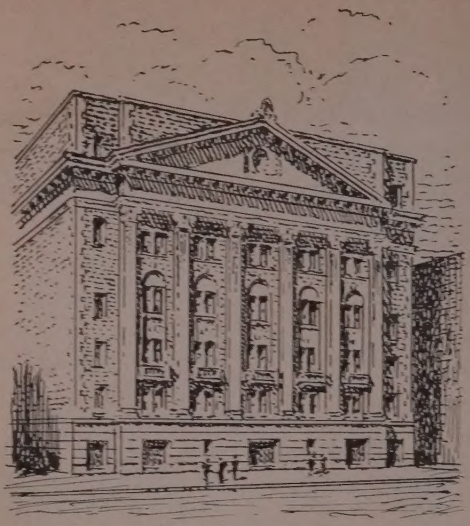
Pioneers

We shall not travel by the road we make:
Ere day by day the sound of many feet
Is heard upon the stones that now we break,
We shall be come to where the cross-roads meet.

* * *

And yet the road is ours as never theirs!
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
For us the Master-Joy, O Pioneers—
We shall not travel, but we make the Road.

Author Unknown.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XIX **SEPTEMBER, 1942** *Number 6*

Important Notice

OPENING SERVICE

31st Year

✦

PEOPLES CHURCH
941 Lawrence at Sheridan

✦

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1942
11:00 A. M.

✦

PREACHER
REV. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.

✦

Series of Six Sermons on "Living In War-Time"
Opening Subject "Be Not Afraid"

✦

BROADCAST BY WJJD

✦

Chorus Choir under Emerson Abernethy, Director
Philip Jorgensen at the Organ

✦

Let Us Have the Finest Opening Service
We Have Ever Known

SERMON SUBJECTS

Dr. Bradley will begin a series of six vital and important sermons with the opening service of church. The general theme of the series will be "LIVING IN WARTIME." At the opening service, Sunday, September 20, at 11:00 a.m., he will speak on "Be Not Afraid." The remaining subjects are as follows:

September 27th—"Let Us Have Faith"

October 4th—"The Armor of God"

October 11th—"The Upper Room"

October 18th—"Let There Be Light"

October 25th—"Carest Thou Not"

These sermons will be the most needed and helpful addresses which our pastor has ever given. It is planned that our opening service will be a great home-coming welcome to Dr. Bradley, as he begins the 31st year of his work in the church. Plan to attend every service. Let us give him a magnificent welcome.

RADIO ACTIVITIES

Beginning Monday evening, September 21, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley will begin his nightly radio talks on Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he will speak on the "Home Front" program, originating in the studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD will broadcast the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Listen in and send him your comments.

MEDITATION

"MORE THAN ever before, infinite and eternal Truth, we humbly beseech from the little area of our own lives that this morning we might have a conception and a vision and an understanding of the significance of this hour in the life of earth's greatest teacher. We would ask that our minds and our hearts be utterly separated from all the accumulation of the centuries which might interfere with a clear, concise conception of the meaning of Palm Sunday in the life of the Teacher and in the experience of mankind.

And so, today, we would express with gratitude the opportunity which is afforded us and we would also feel with a depth of humility our own incompetency and inability to rise to the magnificent proportions of the opportunity itself, but we would ask that all the darkness and fog and obscurity which have hung over the minds and over the understandings of men and have created so much confusion in the theological bickerings of churches and saints might be eliminated, while in the integrity of our own effort to understand the significance of this day fearlessly we make articulate the vision which we see. Help us not to be considerate of the mere whim and fancy of man, but let us, if ever in our lives, be obedient unto the heavenly vision. Might this be the hour when

words of deep significance and of eternal meaning might be spoken without fear and without hesitancy, and we would ask, as we approach this morning bringing us into the very beginning of this week which has been designated as 'Holy Week' throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, that each one of us might begin this week adequately by preparing ourselves all during these days which are ahead of us in those disciplines of the soul and disciplines of the body that shall enable us, as the week deepens and glorifies itself in the triumph of Easter, to be equipped in body and in soul, in mind and in heart, for the fullest realization of this hour.

And we would send out, as always, to every one of our listeners under whatever circumstances they may be listening, whatever may be their religious loyalty, their creed, their color, their philosophy of life, a message of such portent that something so beautiful, powerful, may result from this morning together, that individual lives will be strengthened and deepened, and that the challenge of this age shall be met victoriously and triumphantly. Help us to open every avenue this day, the avenue of music, the avenue of thought, the avenue of kindness, the avenue of love, the avenue of understanding, the avenue of sympathy, touch us with the sacred fire upon the altar of the eternal that every one, every one of us, might be deeply sensitive that this is a significant moment and this service a significant one.

Wherever men and women are hanging on to the problems of life, wherever there is illness and despair, wherever there is frustration, disappointment and remorse, wherever men and women are having a difficult time and things are going badly, might every emanation from this service vibrate with strength, pulsate with courage and be tremulous with vitality so that they will experience immediately a sense of power, of recovery, of health, of strength, of reorganization, of readjustment, while they hang on to the eternal ways of rightness and of honor.

May that characterize the spirit of this hour and may every heart here, and everyone listening as they tune their radios out with the last note of our service, might they take heart again.

In the spirit of Him who bordered every tragedy of man, who experienced every struggle himself, and who had the authentic ring in every word because of his own life, and in His memory and in His honor we pray His prayer."

"POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,

Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 29, 1942.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

"IT IS so well known to you all that probably there is not an adult in the Church this morning who would not be able to recite almost all of the details of the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. The ceremonies which have grown up through the historical traditions of these events are likewise well known to you all, and it is not my purpose in this Palm Sunday sermon to spend very much time dealing with the obvious or that with which we are all familiar. There are deeper implications

of this Palm Sunday significance in the life of the world today and in our individual lives than of any previous Palm Sunday celebration Christendom has ever known, and it is these deeper implications which I am desirous, up to my own limitations, of presenting to you in the ideas which I have about this event.

The more these days and weeks go by of our modern world the more convinced I am that the paramount tragedy of human history has unquestionably, and I think undeniably, been the lack of mankind's putting into execution as operative forces in human society well established and well authenticated rules of conduct of life; our age-long inability to do that which we know ought to be done, not only with ourselves but with nations. It is perfectly obvious with the passing of every day that humanity has failed a million times to live up to its own possibilities.

I want to see, if I can, and I want you to see, the tremendous impact of a personality upon his age and then what subsequent ages have done to the truth which that personality attempted to establish in his age.

I am not interested at all this morning in a religion "about" Jesus, or in any Palm Sunday ceremony about Him, either blessing palms, carrying palms home, or any ceremony connected with Palm Sunday. The great liturgical churches with their pageant today interest me not at all. We have had for hundreds of years quite enough of that and it does not seem to have done much to bind up the heart of humanity. Last evening I was amused in reading in one of our papers that everybody who wanted a palm today would not be able to get it, for there is a shortage in palms, and the reason there is a shortage in palms is because we have always imported most of our palms from Japan, and the article said, and said quite authoritatively, that because of priority in palms we would be short twenty carloads in Chicago today. Paradox! More than a paradox, an indictment, an indictment against the whole program of thinking of Christianity and the things for which the Teacher stood as a ceremony of a Church, or an institution, or a creed.

Palms are not necessary on Palm Sunday and you could have a palm in the hand of every man, woman and child in the City of Chicago this morning, and you could sing 'The Palms' until your face turned blue, and you could shout in your great choirs about entering the Holy City, your bejewelled and bedecked ambassadors of God could stand in platitudinous eloquence and refer to Jesus entering Jerusalem on a donkey and to their throwing palms at his feet, and the crowd crying 'Hail Him! Hail Him!' You can do that in Chicago and in every church in this country all day long today and it won't make one bit of difference until somebody, somewhere, begins to put into practice what this man taught and what he stood for. The virtue of Christianity is not in its creed, it is not in its church; there is no church and there is no creed in this earth that is Christianity; Church is not Christianity, a creed is not Christianity; *CHRISTIANITY IS A PROCESS, CHRISTIANITY IS A WAY,* and this gentle prophet of Galilee, who was murdered thirty years ahead of His time—He was only 33 years of age when He left us, and He only had three years of public ministry . . . the virtue of this man is not in any church, nor any creed, nor any ceremony, nor any ism; the virtue of this man is in what He

taught us was necessary in order for humanity to make this earth the Kingdom of God. That was His virtue, and after 1900 years of it, you cannot wave palms . . . after 1900 years of it you do not have to use cedar boughs. After 1900 years of ceremony, system, tradition, isms, creeds, theories, theological controversies, I present to you on this Palm Sunday not a creed, not a ceremony, not a palm, I present to you a *LIFE,* and what was it?

Jesus understood why He had to go to Jerusalem. He had to go to Jerusalem because for nearly three years He had been attacking every economic, industrial and political foundation of the Roman Empire, and the last two or three months of His entire ministry, just previous to His entering Jerusalem, were spent almost exclusively in outlining a pragmatic action and philosophy of life to people who were practically enslaved. Jesus understood the scope of tyranny because, as a Galilean, His province of Galilee was virtually in slavery to the Roman Empire. He was very poor; He belonged to the lowest caste in Palestine. He was a Galilean, and almost all the other provinces of Palestine would not have anything to do in any way with a Galilean. There were strange rumblings that were being heard in Rome concerning a young Galilean up in Palestine. Caiaphas, the High Priest, heard about it and so did all the 'Quislings' of their day . . . don't think that being a 'Quisling' is a modern thing. Jesus had to deal with a 'Quisling' right from the start. He had a "Quisling" right in his camp; 'Quislings' are not new techniques in this world, not at all, and the Quisling who represented the hierarchy of Rome in an enslaved Palestine, with poverty, disaster, sorrow sweeping all over the land said, 'What right had this young man to come out as an agitator? What right did He have to stir up the people against Rome? Who was He to be accurately classified by one who wrote about him, "the common people hear him gladly, because He spoke as one having authority?" What right had He to do all this?'

Rome was the mistress of the world. It had reached out and seized the known civilized nations of the earth, and the center and important thing of the whole world at that hour was the dictatorship of the first Nazi, the Emperor of Rome! And he said, 'We will have to do something about that young madman up in Palestine,' and Jesus, who was already making an impression up and down the length and breadth of Palestine, heard all about it and He said, 'Very well, I will go to the capital.' Jerusalem then was only of secondary importance to Rome itself. Palestine was being exploited by the Roman Empire, and it was exploited with identically the same kind of technique with which the modern dictators are exploiting occupied countries today. They were taking the best of Palestine, the best of its produce, the best of its treasures, the best of everything and utilizing it to the happiness and affluence and peace and security of the Roman Empire.

This is not the traditional Palm Sunday. I am finished with that, the time is past in this kind of a world for us to listen to platitudinous, glittering generalities and sing 'The Palms!' In this kind of a world there is something else on my heart and I am saying it because it must be said, We have fiddled while Rome burned, and the world is afire, it is aflame everywhere! Flames! *This earth is afire and there is no time now to stand by and idly prattle about this or that in religion,* and that's the reason it is

this kind of a Palm Sunday sermon! I want to help put out this fire and we had all better be at it too! It is growing in intensity and heat and in its devouring capacity every twenty-four hours!

And so, this young teacher said, 'Very well, if they think I am cowardly or afraid, I will go immediately to Jerusalem, I shall show myself on the streets of the city; I am not afraid of all the legions of Rome, I shall go to Jerusalem,' and He went, and before He entered the portals of that city He uttered one of the most heart-rending, pathetic cries in all literature and in all drama. He saw the heritage of a great nation and a great people, and he said, 'I will choose the Passover time to go,' and the Passover time was the time in which they were celebrating the liberation of the Jews in Egypt from Pharaoh. 'I will choose the liberation moment to go to Jerusalem. My people who were free and liberated from bondage are now becoming enslaved again with the bondage of Rome, and I will go on this very Passover up to Jerusalem and I will tell the people of Jerusalem there that while they left the slavery of the past centuries they still face a slavery of the present century.' That's why He went to Jerusalem and there is not any other reason.

Standing outside the gates of that city, when He looked at it from the hilltop, He burst into tears and He uttered one of the most pathetic and dynamic sentences in all literature: 'O, Jerusalem! O, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee under My wing as a hen doth gather her brood, and ye would not. You, who have stoned the prophets, might have been saved.' Now He entered the city and the poor people, and those who had no articulate voice, nobody to speak for them, slaves, they ran before Him and grabbed anything they could find, tore down pieces of draperies in their poor homes, gathered flowers and boughs and palms, and hailed Him, for in their hearts and souls they felt 'Now deliverance is coming, freedom and liberty are coming, democracy is coming, the KING is coming!' No theology in it at all, no ecclesiasticism in it at all, none of the baggage, verbiage and confusion of our modern theologians and modern ceremonies and isms in it at all. It was a people enslaved in tyranny and bondage, economic, industrial bondage and poverty, while over them was the Fort of Antonia.

I don't hear many Palm Sunday messages that call the attention of the people to the fact that the Roman fortification of Fort Antonia had its guns directed on the Temple and on the mobs of Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. They were, for authentic history gives us the picture of the Roman Fort, Fort Antonia, and it stood there fully armed, fully equipped with Roman soldiers when the man of Galilee, on a humble beast of burden, rode down the streets of the city. And the reason those guns did not respond, the reason the priests took counsel together, and the reason the hierarchy were frightened and trembling was because they knew that one word, one act, one shout, and all of Palestine would be in revolution, and they said 'Silence the guns!' and this man on Palm Sunday rode into the city, and where was the first place He went? He went to the Temple.

There is so much confusion in the minds of people about the Temple. When you read or tell the story of the Temple, people immediately say 'Jesus went to Church,' and everybody sees the Temple as the House of

God. People don't seem to have realized and they certainly have not been told the significance of the Temple, for while the Temple was obviously a place of worship, and was presided over by the hereditary priestly hierarchy, who held their office by inheritance,—the priests of the Temple, —it had been turned at the same time into a purely competitive, commercial house, and it was never more so than it was at the time of the Passover.

When Jesus went through those city gates and heard the people shouting and singing, it must have gladdened his young heart and sensitive conscience. He made straight for the Temple because He knew what was going on, how rotten and corrupt it was, how every High Priest and other priest in that Temple was a Quisling for the Roman Empire and Roman hierarchy; he understood that. He understood that every one of them was living off of the poverty of the people; and the first place that Jesus went in person was right up into that Temple, and at the time of the Passover what were they doing? The Temple was the bank of the period and the counting house, and why did they have to have money changed? Because the priests of the Temple had their own coin, it was called 'temple' money, and when the poor people came from all over Palestine to make their offerings they had to bring the coin from the various provinces where they lived and take it into the temple to change the good coins for the phoney coins that the priests had made and which they called 'temple' coins. Those were the money changers in the Temple. They were there changing the monies—nothing new. Those are Hitler's tactics now in Europe; he has his own money too, and it is the same theory, nothing new about it at all. And these priests in the Temple were counting out the money, and, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the exchange was all in their favor. And when these poor people who had come to the Passover offered their money to the priests, the priests said that it was not legal money and that they must have 'temple' money with which to make their sacrifice.

What about the changing of doves and animals to make the sacrifice there? When the people would bring up their own offerings for the Passover the High Priest would look at this goat, and that rabbit, and lamb, and say 'Something is the matter with it; this is not a perfect offering, your offering is not perfect.' Why did he say that? Because he had a whole case of perfect animals and what the people had to do was to trade their animals for the perfect ones of the High Priest and that was the only animal that they could take as an offering, a perfect animal that the priest gave them, and under the law the priests got all the hides and all the skins and every one of them built great personal, individual fortunes out of trafficking in the Temple.

That's what Jesus ran into, and when He saw it He gave one of the most magnificent gestures that I have ever seen or heard of in all the crusading spirit of the honest and devoted idealist. He just stood there a moment and heard all this money changing around, heard it all. He saw these poor slaves from out of Palestine who had come up to their Passover, he looked at them, and then He heard the cries of these animals up for sacrifice. He saw these bejewelled and bedecked priests exploiting the people, and although the guns of the Fort were turned on the Temple and every Roman official in Jerusalem was

trembling and quivering not knowing where this young man would lead the people next, they were frightened and they laid the very foundations for the tragedy of this week, and when Jesus stood and looked at them he started taking up the straps and belts that had tied up the animals and took them and wound them around his hand: it was too much for him!

You do not see now your lovely, effeminate Christ standing there calm and poised with His seamless robe and his clean hands, incarcerated somewhere in marble or plaster paris! You do not see now the weakling Christ who was afraid to speak His mind! You see now the *MAN,* virile, strong as any Roman soldier that ever wore a helmet! You see a man with red blood in his veins and arteries! You see a man who dares stand before the might of Rome. Taking that scourge, we hear the sweeping indictment as he pushes over the tables: 'Make not my Father's House a house of merchandise! Hypocrites! Thieves! Out with you! You do not have the least semblance of the truth I have tried to teach! Out with you!'

That indictment started on that Palm Sunday more than 1900 years ago, yet his religion has been formulated into systems, organized into hierarchies, partnerships of injustice, afraid to battle for economic righteousness, ashamed to stand for social justice, emphasizing the necessity of getting people saved in order to live in heaven after they are dead and be content with hell upon earth while they live, a religion that meant ease, contentment and softness and social security and preferment in society; it meant safety, until today the cathedrals, the Gothic structures, the great Houses of God will tremble with the music from the throats of the singers with the shouts of "Hosannas," and I see a lonely figure, poor, despised, rejected of men, his garments torn and bloody, his face soiled, his hair twisted, standing alone looking down upon this earth, an earth of blood, of money changers, of hate, of greed, of graft, of chicanery, of crime, of vice, a world smashing, breaking, and I see Him stand again unrecognized, unwelcomed . . . let Him walk down the aisle of these churches today and they would order Him as a madman back to the streets, and yet I hear Him again on this Palm Sunday, 'O, Jerusalem, O, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee under my wing as a hen doth gather her brood, and ye would not.'

Ladies and gentlemen, in this old world we had better not refuse Him much longer."

THE happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention.

—*Sterne*

BAZAAR! BAZAAR! BAZAAR!

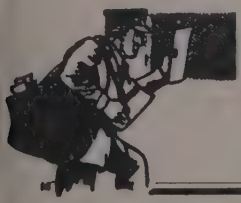
THE FIRST Sunday following publication of this issue is our opening Sunday. With the opening of church all our allied activities swing open their doors upon the busy winter months, and we naturally glance ahead; and just as naturally, our glance falls upon our biggest and most important task —the Peoples Church Bazaar. This important and pleasurable task is actually upon us, and no time must now be lost.

The Bazaar is a sort of hub, round which every loyal friend of the church gathers to give impetus to the wheel which starts the caravan of activity moving; for the Board of Trustees counts greatly on the returns from this bazaar to aid substantially in the year's work which lies ahead. This is one effort of the year in which every organization of the church, every member of every organization, and every friend of the church, including those who have never been inside its doors even, can have an equal share.

If the Peoples Church has ever meant anything to you, now is a splendid time to express your gratitude for good received. What can you do?

Donate materials out of which others can make something salable; make or buy something salable to donate; ask your friends to donate something: food, candy, beverages, canned goods, Christmas gifts, kitchenware, pillow slips, towels, aprons, bedspreads, fancy cushions, all kinds of fancy work, crocheted and knitted articles, everything useful and beautiful which people might like to buy.

Make your donation through one of the clubs of the church or bring or send it direct to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, but *bring* something. Do your part, and have a share in the joy and fun of helping!



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

Arden Lodge,
Lake Vermilion, Minnesota.

Dear Friends:

Mid-August again and summer is on the wane! We in the North Woods wonder how this can be, when in truth we are still waiting for summer to start. We could count on one hand the warm days we have had—(and warm is the correct word, for there has been nothing like heat). The rest have been exceedingly cool, with overmuch rain and not much sunshine. Today is one of those rare days of August stillness—not a leaf or bough seems to be moving, scarcely a ripple stirs the surface of the lake and a slight sound carries for a distance—seemingly stationary clouds etch the deep blue sky like the white pattern on Wedgewood China.

I haven't heard the note of a bird all day. Most of them have already left on their southward flight; only

the robins, a few warblers and tree swallows remain. When there is no bird song the quiet is noticeable. A purplish haze veils the distant hills and shoreline, and the air is chilly after sunset, even when the day has been pleasant.

By all these signs we know that Autumn is not far around the corner, and the time will soon be upon us when we will have to bid goodbye to our island home—the garden—the pines—the lake—and turn cityward. We are always glad to get back to the church and all the friends there—and to plan and begin the winter's work—but I must admit the summer has seemed inexplicably short!

We celebrated Dr. Bradley's birthday yesterday, the 18th, and he was very happy in receiving many, many beautiful cards and greetings from all over the country, and he appreciated every one of them very much indeed. One of the pleasant surprises of the day was the call of Rev. Mrs. Wilma Lapala, Finnish Unitarian minister of this locality, whom we have known and whose friendship we have prized for many years. She has a cozy home on a little river about forty miles from us. Accompanied by her son and his wife, who are home on vacation, she drove to the mainland dock opposite our island, and rang the gong which we have hanging there. Dr. Bradley and Jim went over in a boat and brought them across to the island. They carried a large package, which obviously had to be handled with care, and presented it to Dr. Bradley. When the wrappings were removed, he discovered a huge and wonderful Finnish coffee cake made in a ring, the center filled with star cookies, and in the center a small bouquet of flowers, according to Finnish custom. It would easily have served fifty people. Doctor was delighted (as were we all!) for a Finnish coffee cake like this one is so delicious it is something to be dreamed of, and defies description. We were very glad to have the Lapalas eat birthday dinner with us, which was served at five o'clock, and to have a nice visit with them. Several friends came in the evening, and the day closed happily with music, "candle cake," and coffee. Such occasions linger in the memory as red-letter days long after the season has passed, and endear the place and the people ever more and more as the years roll on.

I wanted to write this letter and slip it into the Radio Mail Bag to tell you how much Dr. Bradley has appreciated your fine letters, your kind expressions of gratitude for his helpful messages and the services of The Peoples Church. He reads every one and is always so glad when anyone writes that he has helped them along a hard road —made it less difficult—less lonely—less sad.

We hope you will continue to write your friendly letters—they encourage and inspire him more than you can ever know. And we hope you will all be "listening in" to the opening church service, Sunday morning, September 20th.

* * * * *

I did not intend to write a letter so lengthy—and now I'm afraid we will only have room for some short letters from the Mail Bag. Here is a very nice note from Mrs. Strohl of Paris, Illinois, who writes:—

"Just a line that you may know I'm a very interested listener to your broadcasts, and I ask my friends to do the same. I appreciate your inspiring outlook on world affairs in these trying times. You help me to maintain my ideals and it is consoling that you think similar thoughts and can so ably present them and help our people to take heart and bravely carry on."

* * * * *

Stella R. Heineman of Milwaukee expresses a good little bit of philosophy in her letter. She says:

"The night you gave that wonderfully inspiring talk about not bemoaning our fate, and not sitting down to mope about what is happening to us so far in this war, but that each one of us ought to do what each of us can to make life a bit better for the rest of us, as well as for ourselves, and to go on getting what joy we can out of life, I thought I would write to you and thank you for the talk. I felt that it was so good and one that every one should have heard. I think of it so often, particularly when I hear folks saying they won't do this or that because they are not in the mood on account of the war.

"Don't we all have our own personal sorrows, too, which may put us in a mood like this? Why then should we be sad and unhappy when in reality we none of us know what war really means?

"Thank you again for your fine talks."

* * * * *

This next letter is from a lovely little woman, who is just as sweet as her letter would indicate—Mrs. Florence Weary of Oak Park, the wife of a well known artist. I feel hesitant about putting this letter in the column, because her mention of me is most complimentary (and I appreciate it) but Dr. Bradley says it should go in —so here it is:—

"I thought I would write you a little note, but fear I cannot find words to describe adequately the inspiration and help you have given us, and wish to thank you most heartily for every thought expressed in your wonderful addresses, also your six o'clock talks of which I have heard nearly every one.

"Also I should like to say that I was greatly impressed by that splendid talk given by Mrs. Bradley at the Woman's Club, with her pictures of the beautiful flowers I love so much. She spoke so sincerely from the heart that I am sure to know her is to love her.

"We shall all look forward eagerly to yours and Mrs. Bradley's return, at the same time hoping you will have a very enjoyable summer."

* * * * *

The Mail Bag closes. Please keep on writing—be sure to be listening—AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Mail Yule Gifts Early to Soldiers

From Washington comes the advice from the war department to do Christmas mailing early to soldiers overseas.

Postal officials urged that cards, letters and holiday packages be mailed in October, explaining that "very likely" anything sent after November first would fail to reach the soldier before Christmas.

No more than one package a week may be mailed by any one person, and no package may weigh more than 11 pounds, or measure more than 18 inches in length, or more than 42 inches in length and girth combined.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM DR. BRADLEY

I WISH EVERY friend and member of our church could read every word of this message. I have never written a more important one. My heart and soul are in every syllable. Will you, my reader, help me to get this magazine to as many people interested in our work as you possibly can? Will you call the attention of this article to every one you know? Will you please read it through—every word?

On Sunday, September 20, at 11:00 a.m., we will begin our year's work. The doors will swing wide open again for our 31st year together. It is the most critical time in our history—as a nation—a church—a people. I feel our church is facing the most severe test and at the same time the finest opportunity it has ever known. During the summer I have given careful thought to our work and the future of the church.

Never such a moment in human history as this moment. Increasingly the war will come closer and closer to us all. Every one of our lives will be touched. There will be no exemptions. The sacrifies will increase a hundredfold from anything we have thus far known. With every passing day we will all be called upon to bear a heavier part of this war. We do not run from this duty. We do not shrink from our country's need. We are not afraid. Our individual lives will be completely upset and disturbed. None of us will know the usual ways of living. Sorrow, pain and tears will be seen on more and more faces. Plans will be abandoned or changed. Life will be different—different for us all. This war must be fought and it must be *won*. But we can take it! and take it we will! No time now for petty bickerings, sniping criticisms, small talk, personal profit or selfish advantage. No time now for devitalizing jealousies. We must all be truly great —greater than we have ever been before. We have a reserve as a nation—a potentiality as a people—a productive capacity—a spiritual vision, and a devotion to ideals which will see us through. Of this I have no doubt nor

a shadow of anxiety.

I am desirous now of seeing clearly the part which our church ought to take in this hour. I have given hours of thought to our place and work in this day of my country's trouble. I have come to certain conclusions. I have very definite dreams and hopes for the church which I love as I love my own life. Whether these plans can become a reality depends upon how you and the members and friends of the church receive them. I cannot make them a reality alone.

First of all I wish that our church, every officer, every member of every organization, everyone in the choir, in the ushering staff—all of us—would deepen our spiritual foundations. We must be a church in the highest sense. We are needed as never before. We cannot meet the challenge of this hour unless we are a deeply consecrated, spiritually minded, integrated power. The church must mean more to more people with every passing day. In an effort to bring this renewal and revival of the church along these important channels I am going to preach a series of six sermons on "LIVING IN WARTIME." The first one will be given on our opening Sunday when my subject will be "BE NOT AFRAID." In these first six sermons I will try and set the tempo for our year's work.

There are those who feel that this is the time for the church to retrench —hold back—cut corners—save here and save there—curtail activities—talk about "Where is the money coming from?"—cut down church publicity in the press—in other words,—"RETREAT!"

This is no time to retreat! Above all institutions, the church is one organization which never ought to retreat. This is the hour when the church should make its greatest advance. Of course the enemies of democracy and civilization would like to see the churches die everywhere. They are killing them in every Axis country of the world and in all the occupied nations of Europe. Their cry is "Kill the church!" "Retard the church!" "Stop religion!" The people in this country who try now to stop the church and destroy its efforts are assisting our enemies.

I think the church should plan its most progressive year. More time, more effort, and more money should be spent to make and keep the church an ever increasing power for truth and freedom than it has ever spent. "Where's the money coming from?" That question need never be asked. It will come and come gladly and freely if the church meets its duty by helping people. Let the people turn in ever growing numbers to a church because that church meets the needs of their lives and the money problem ceases. There will be no money problem.

The church isn't a factory, nor a business firm, nor a corporation—and you cannot think of the church in the same terms. I pray that our church will increase every effort and recant on nothing. Think of it! Thousands and thousands of men in our military forces will be stationed here in Chicago. How can our church reach them? They will come to our services—hundreds of them—but not unless they know and hear about our church. An expansion of our publicity work in the form of announcement cards, pamphlets, newspaper advertising and bulletins to be distributed—all these should be utilized, and to a larger extent than ever before. Then, too, the immediate neighborhood of our church presents an opportunity. Our church is needed right where we are and to think differently is to miss the whole

purpose of the church. I have some definite ideas about this aspect of our problem which you will hear about later.

We will be rationed more and more and rightly so. But the one thing we had better not ration is religion. We must find a way that our church, like the other great churches of our city, may become more and more a center of dynamic power and inspiration. There will be thousands of men away from home, from loved ones, in our midst this winter and fall. Rubber, sugar, coffee, tea, gas or any other factor can be rationed for a great cause, but the church must expand, must grow, must spend, must keep its doors swinging outward, all of the time. The church is the granary where men's souls are fed. The church is the embodiment of the highest ideals of man and God. To hurt the church is to weaken and destroy ourselves. Our country and its gallant men are giving all they have—the church must do the same thing. I shudder when I hear people say "Because of this being wartime the church must give up this or that." The constructive attitude would be, "Because this is wartime the church will increase its activity and its program all along the line." The church which does this will be a live, growing church; the other kind of a church is a dying church—and deserves its fate. The ancient prophet thundered from a mountain top—"Where there is no vision the people perish." He could say today, "Where there is no vision the church dies."

It would break my spirit if I thought our great church, which has stood so long as a source of inspiration and help, would not meet the opportunity of this hour courageously, adventurously and bravely.

Let us have a new birth of our place and work in this day! Let the year ahead be our best year because of the help we will be to humanity. No church yet was a great church or a successful church because it had a balance in its treasury. Its true worth is in the treasure found in the hearts of men, women and children because these hearts have been made rich through the work and life of the church.

With these words we begin our work once more. Whatever we face, whatever sacrifices are required, whatever sorrow or heartache we bear, let the light of The Peoples Church of Chicago shine brighter and brighter in this darkened world.

Your friend and pastor,
PRESTON BRADLEY.

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BOOK CHATS

I MENTIONED last month the article on our work which was published by the Magazine Digest in the June issue. So many requests have come in, we decided to re-publish the article in this number of the Liberalist. We have received permission to do so from the Magazine Digest. I do not know the author, Mr. Schoenleben, and did not know the article was to be written. I always read the Magazine Digest and consider it the best magazine of its kind being published. It does, in its field, a work comparable to the Reader's Digest.

There is only one mistake in the article of a factual nature. My ancestors on my father's side were Irish—not Welsh. Not that it matters, for the Irish and Welsh are celtic, but the fact is our branch of the Bradley family is County Antrim Irish.

I am grateful to the Magazine Digest and Mr. Schoenleben for the recognition they have given our work. The article follows:

"Atheist, Protestant, Catholic and Jew Congregate to Worship in the Peoples Church.

PRODIGIOUS PRESTON BRADLEY

By Ralph Schoenleben

A SHORT, rotund, swarthy man walked rapidly into the lobby of a hotel. His thick crop of hair was much too long. His appearance was commanding.

'Who's that?' whispered one bystander to another.

'The man who's going to speak at the club this noon. Odd looking duck, isn't he?'

Dr. Bradley has long been Chicago's most popular Protestant minister, and since Pearl Harbor people look to him, as never before, for inspiration. The fourteen hundred seats in his Peoples Church are, as always, filled to capacity. The broadcast of his service (the oldest church broadcast west of Pittsburgh) draws a thousand letters a week. Radio surveys show that more people listen to Preston Bradley on Sunday mornings than to any other radio program on any Chicago station during that time. And his daily dinner hour broadcasts (inspirational 'air editorials') have an unprecedented audience, with a single broadcast bringing over three thousand replies.

'As one who has the great privilege of influencing public opinion,' says Dr. Bradley, 'I am increasingly aware of my responsibility.' His political influence, though subtle, is nonetheless real. Unfortunate indeed would be a political candidate, or a platform, which was the object of Dr. Bradley's fiery oratory. His fearless attacks on isolationist extremists, and his ceaseless campaign against defeatism, are in no small degree responsible for the balance of the otherwise isolationist mid-West.

He is far and away America's most popular lecturer. In addition to his daily broadcasts, he speaks at least

once, usually twice, and frequently three or four times a day throughout the season. His schedule of paid addresses extends over a year ahead. Seldom has he a free evening during the winter.

At the same time he must attend to the affairs of his Peoples Church with its multiform activities, call upon and comfort the sick, direct his Peoples Church Guild (distributing food and clothing to all in need, with no questions asked). He also serves on the Illinois library, prison, and school boards; and stumps for one cause or another in connection with the war.

Who is this dynamic little man who has held his popularity for thirty years in a town in which the average pastorate is but seven years? Who in his early fifties is regarded by some as the greatest living American?

Preston Bradley is the son of a Welsh blacksmith of Linden, Michigan. His first passion was for engineering. He had no intentions of becoming a preacher. 'The best ministers,' he says, 'are those who were little devils when they were boys.' So Bradley raised his share of cain.

He went to college, studied law, and was awarded his degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

Then Dr. Bradley, instead of setting up practice, returned to the church as a Presbyterian student pastor. Before he even got around to studying theology, he began preaching independently. People took to this twenty-four-year-old orator. In 1912, when he was twenty-six, he founded his People's Church, with 67 members meeting in a Chicago theater. In 1926 he built a $750,000 church on Chicago's North Side, the largest Unitarian church in the world.

Although affiliated with the American Unitarian Association, the church *is* Preston Bradley. There is nothing quite like it anywhere. 'He has no real church at all,' orthodox religionists have said. It is true that the Peoples Church is completely liberalist and sectless.

It isn't even built like a church. In appearance, outside and in, it resembles a beautiful playhouse. It has an inclined floor, theater seats instead of pews, and a very large balcony. The choir is banked at the back of a sort of stage. Dr. Bradley's 'pulpit' is but a simple desk. In the arch at the head, between the two sets of organ pipes, is a quotation from William Ellery Channing: 'Live a life of faith and hope. Believe in the mighty power of Truth and Love.'

To join the church you need not assent to any creed. No one ever inquires into your beliefs. You can be an atheist if you wish. According to the church magazine, 'Beauty, Truth, and Goodness' is their only motto. Christians, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, are all welcome, regardless of race or color. An open forum at Peoples Church may bring Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant together on the same platform.

Preston Bradley has no time for proselytizing, he sees no necessity for membership drives. He urges everyone to go to their own church, some church, any church; it need not be the Peoples'. His mind is wide open. On one occasion he commented to the congregation: 'Some of the people driving out to play golf on this beautiful Sunday morning are probably better off than they would be in here listening to me.'

The Sunday School of Peoples Church carefully avoids teaching anything that conflicts with scientific data the child may later learn in school or

college. The Junior Church (for adolescents) stresses the admiration of great men and women, and features such talking pictures as the 'Life of Pasteur,' 'The White Angel' (Florence Nightingale), or 'The Fight for Life.'

The service of the Senior Church is made up of a few poems, possibly a passage from the Bible, no ritual, brief litany, prayer, and Dr. Bradley's thirty-minute sermon. The usual terminology, 'the cross,' 'blood,' 'salvation,' 'the Lord Jesus,' are conspicuously absent. Dr. Bradley may deliver a dozen sermons and hardly use the word 'God.' His philosophy is expressed mostly in terms of current events, the discoveries of modern science, and warm human stories. But his sermons are sermons. He doesn't merely lecture on economics, politics, or world affairs. The inspirational element is always there.

Preston Bradley rises at six o'clock in the morning. After a few minutes of meditation to fortify himself for the day, he flicks on his bedside radio to get the latest news while dressing. He wears the same style and color suit year in year out. His little black bow ties, he buys by the dozen.

Breakfast is preceded by a glass of lemon juice. Then Preston Bradley begins the daily round of conferences, lectures, broadcasts, marriages, funerals, sick calls, which earns him the title of 'Busiest man in the country.' For the comment most frequently heard about Dr. Bradley is: 'How does he do it?' Invariably people gasp when on Sunday morning Preston Bradley reads his schedule for the week. Almost always it will involve trips to Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan, with his routine in Chicago sandwiched in-between.

He has virtually no social life, and never calls upon the members of his own congregation, unless they're in trouble. But he insists on daily exercise. Every afternoon he takes his dog for an hour's walk in Lincoln Park. Church services are suspended during the summer, and that leaves him time to pilot his thirty-foot cruiser about the lakes of Northern Minnesota. While fishing (as president emeritus of the Izaak Walton League of America) he communes with the nature he loves and may, at the same time, plan the chapters of a new book.

Dr. Bradley loves life and people. His sympathy knows no bounds of race, color, or occupation. He will bury, gratis, the reprobates no other minister would touch. He knows, and is loved by people in every department of life. The newsboy who hands him the paper on his way to church says, 'I don't want no money for it.' The Pullman porters take up a collection among themselves so his meal on the diner may be free. A western tribe of Indians has made him an honorary chief. His peculiar mixture of high culture and humility appeals to the rich and the learned, as well as to the poor and uneducated. He is simple and direct. He has the capacity of making you feel at home. When you look into his deep, soft eyes, and his face, handsome from character, if not from inheritance, you suddenly feel that if ever you were in trouble, this is the man you'd come to.

'I don't like details,' he says. Humanity is his ruling passion. Preoccupations bore him. Neither his lectures, whose sentences are often wordy and unwieldy, nor his five best-selling books, reveal any attention to style. He never revises his writing. His lectures are purely creative and extemporaneous. He never relies on notes, never gives the same talk twice. Consequently they are sometimes lack-

ing in balance. But they are delivered with such passionate oratory, flaming sincerity, plus dashes of humor and mimicry, that people eat them up. Following the formula that, 'There's a broken heart in every pew,' he makes you feel as if he were talking to you personally, helping you with your troubles. He is always dramatic, fearless, outspoken, startling in his opinions.

Last fall he astounded the congregation with a sermon on vitamins. This is part of religion, he says, for many a home is unhappy for lack of B complex. At any rate, well-known physicians congratulated him on the timeliness of the talk, its accuracy, and its boldness. In all his lectures and articles he reveals a vast background of information, a bewildering culture. His terrific passion for information is satisfied only by dozens of American and foreign newspapers, magazines, and radio programs. At the same time he seems always to know how Northwestern came out yesterday and how the White Sox are getting along. He has made twenty-two trips to Europe, preaching in churches of countries now occupied or at war. Hitler wouldn't allow him in Germany, but, says Preston Bradley, 'You can tell as much about a man from his enemies as from his friends.'

His predictions are notable. When the country felt secure in the prosperity of the early twenties, Dr. Bradley foresaw depression. While we shamelessly shipped scrap iron to Japan, Dr. Bradley warned that it would come back as bullets. Nine months before Germany and Russia divided Poland, he predicted German-Russo rapprochement. In April of 1940 he said: 'We are three quarters into the war already.' Eight months before Germany turned on Russia, Bradley said it would happen. He favored aid to Russia while many ministers dwelt on the evils of atheistic Communism. He claimed Chicago could be bombed, while others boasted of our security.

He has never been an isolationist, simply because he believes in facing realities. He hates war ('this pulpit will never glorify it'), but is not a radical pacifist. 'What is the use,' he says, 'of talking about peace, when there is a murderer loose in my house and something must be done about it.' He believes in war to the finish, including bombing of the men, women, and children of Tokyo. To extreme pacifists, he asks: 'What do you suggest instead?'

He is positive the United Nations will win because 'Democracy is God's way,' and America does 'have the resources to whip any combination of powers on earth.' 'The question is when? In two years, or twenty, depending largely upon whether labor and management dig in to produce'."

P. B.

AN APPRECIATION OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

LIBERALISM as an attitude of mind toward the problems of religion is growing with a remarkable celerity. Minister after minister is giving welcome evidence of enlistment in the ranks of liberals. Distinguished and influencial laymen in every church are speaking plainly and definitely their minds. Liberalism is in the ascendency.

The very nature of the liberal idea is that of progressiveness. It is evolutionary in structure. This being true the tendency of the liberal is to continuously look forward and not backward. The pathway ahead is always more alluring than backward glances at covered trails. The future holds the joys of anticipation, the past the sense of arrival.

In the enthusiasm of contemporary activity there is sometimes a danger of underestimating the contributions of the past. The one word which every liberal uses in a derisive sense is the word "tradition." Their position seems to be that everything in the past was useful only as a factor in progressive development and with the coming of the new ought to be discarded. This is hardly tenable. I have heard prominent leaders in the Unitarian Church discuss with an obvious lack of appreciation what they chose to call "The Channing School." They have an indisputable right to this position and yet retain the affection of the Unitarian fellowship. That is the most attractive quality of the Unitarian movement. There is no ecclesiastical policy by which a man can be silenced or unfrocked who does not think with his associates. No church organization anywhere practices the virtue of tolerance as does the Unitarian Church. It is a joy to be a worker and a member in such a church.

A prominent Unitarian minister in Boston once said to me "the greatest barrier which the Unitarian Church has is the Channing tradition. Modern religious thought is as far separated from the viewpoint of Channing as Channing was from his Contemporaries." The effect of this statement on me was that I at once began a thorough and exhaustive study of William Ellery Channing, and before my study was anywhere near completion I found sufficient inspiration in the life of Channing to write many articles longer than this one and learned enough about him to challenge the viewpoint of my colleague.

Channing was a "modern of the moderns." It is quite true that he was not an evolutionary naturalist. He did not accept any mechanistic theory of the universe. He died six years before the "Origin of the Species" was published. It would have been most interesting had Channing lived to partake in the polemics introduced by Darwin, Huxley and Wallace.

The theory of evolution would not have interrupted the tranquility of his spirit nor disturbed the equanimity of his soul. He would have used it, as he did every fact of natural law, as an illuminative agency bearing a truer and deeper understanding of God. He would at once have detected the spiritual basis of all progress. He saw the reality of the spirit in every advance of nature. Protective coloration, adaptation of the species, natural selection,

survival of the fittest, the inheritance of acquired characteristics, or the reversion to type would never present an insurmountable barrier to him or weaken his ardor for a friendly universe. Evolution in its best sense does not banish the God idea from the universe but only enables us to have more clearly a larger conception of the magnitude of God. A life process by which the common house fly ultimately develops its present acuteness of vision predicates a greater God than one who merely breathes into a handful of clay and man materializes complete and perfect.

Channing saw all this and because his vision was so distinct he saw through materialism to the reality of spiritual identities. To me this is precisely his value to the Liberals of today. With our theories of evolution, our continual visitation to the laboratories of science, our growing tendency to resolve everything to a particle of dust and a vibration of energy, we are very likely to ignore the realities of conditions and experiences which cannot be found with the telescope or discovered with the microscope, or weighed, measured and classified by the scientist. The realities of things spiritual are not determined by mathematical formulas or verified by the scales of materialism.

Channing was the pioneer liberal in the religious thought of America and the premier prophet of contemporaneous religious leadership. His celebrated Baltimore Sermon was a declaration of war against superstition, bigotry and fear in religion. As such every liberal in the religious world of today is greatly indebted to his vision, heroism and intellectual integrity. After reading the utterances of many of our present day liberals, clothed in the phraseology of pure intellectualism and utterly devoid of warmth or spiritual glow, I read again the Baltimore Sermon.

So great a critic as Ernest Renan said of Channing, "He was a true prophet. He heard the first sounds of the bell of the future gospel. The doctrine of Channing will remain true whatever be the evolutions of science and of the free spirit." These words stand today as adequately characterizing the permanency of the Channing perceptions. The idea that we have left Channing far in the background by the growth of liberalism is only a commentary of our own arrogance. When we have impressed contemporary life with the same penetration as Channing did his world and the intervening years since his death in 1842, then and not until then can we speak lightly of so great a life and heart.

Dr. Gordon gives us a complete and very comprehensive tribute to his influence when he says: "More and more Channing's great influence for good is recognized among all enlightened persons. His doctrine of man has been taken up into the thought of our time as the permanent possession of faith; his sense of the place of reason in religion puts him in sympathetic touch with the leading minds in all communions today; his plea for liberty has been the keynote to a chorus of thinkers in many shades of belief; and his profound religiousness has done much to create those high moods of the spirit without which theology is barren and philosophy vain."

Channing himself wrote to a friend in 1837, "In my own labors there has been more unity perhaps in consequence of the strong hold which one sublime idea has taken of my mind. This is, the greatness of the soul, its divinity, its union with God by spiritual likeness."

Is there any greater need in the tumultuous present than a gospel such as this? Would the devitalized, dehumanized pulpit, with its intellectual superiority complex experience an awakening of influence if such a religion would be preached today?

Channing's contribution to social service was a very important part of his ministry. He and his church were active participants in all the social reforms of the period. He was directly responsible for inaugurating several others. He worked hard for the bettering of labor conditions, abolition of imprisonment for debt, and for temperance and peace. The first peace society in America was the meeting in his study where the Massachusetts Peace Society was born. His mind was the first to conceive the plan which has developed today in the University Settlement and the Community activities.

When one pauses a moment to get the historical perspective necessary in biography, his life seems all the more remarkable. Washington was once a guest at his father's table, and he died less than twenty years before the outbreak of the Civil War. Lincoln was an unknown country lawyer when Channing was dying up there in the Vermont hills near Bennington. His mother's father, William Ellery, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Notwithstanding much of the originality native to Emerson's philosophy, the latter was deeply indebted to the master mind of Channing. Channing has left an ineradicable impression on all religious thinking. He can be studied and emulated by the occupant of any liberal pulpit in the world to the advantage of the preacher and those who attend his ministry.

The "Channing Tradition" is the most valuable asset which the free churches possess. A renaissance of this tradition would bring to our liberal platforms everywhere a new birth of influence and an increased opportunity for doing good. The people are crying for bread and too many of us are offering them bon-bons—yes—and even stones.

P. B.

Pamphlet Describes "What's Going On At Peoples Church"

New members of the Peoples Church will surely want to obtain copies of a small mimeographed pamphlet called "What's going on at Peoples Church." This booklet, just prepared, gives a brief description of each of the organizations of the Church, tells who may join them, explains the purposes of each, and tells when and where each club meets. In addition it contains a CLUB TIME TABLE giving a calendar of the month's meetings.

Any new members wishing to know more about the organizations of the Church, or any old member who has not yet become affiliated with a church group but would like to, is urged to ask the office or the usher for a copy of this pamphlet. When you do get this booklet, show it to your friends and neighbors and help them to become interested and active in the Peoples Church. V.K.B.

NOT a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small, and the small great.

—Charles Reade.

HONOR ROLL

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg

Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Muriel Mlyniec
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
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George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Robert Baumann

☆ OUR CAUSE ☆

The cause of human progress is our cause, the enfranchisement of human thought our supreme wish, the freedom of human conscience our mission, and the guarantee of equal rights to all peoples everywhere the end of our contention.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.....11:00 o'clock

Opening service, Sunday morning, September 20th, Broadcast by WJJD

Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock

Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November to Easter).....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....

Opening service, Sunday morning, September 20th, 9:30 o'clock, Channing Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH.....11:00 o'clock—Hall C

(Services Resume In October)

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....

.....(November through March) 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

TOWN HALL CLUB (to be resumed in Fall).....Channing Hall

CHOIR REHEARSALS.....Church Auditorium

(Resumed September 17th)

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30-4:00 o'clock.

WOMAN'S CLUB.....Meets every second Monday, October through April

Notice of all summer events will be mailed members.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Meets every second and fourth Monday, October through April.

Notice of summer events will be mailed members or 'phone Miss Grace Marsh, Lon. 1256.

MEN'S CLUB.....Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.

Meets every fourth Monday, October through May

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday, October through June

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—Meets every First and Third Tuesday, October through June

Notice of summer events will be mailed members

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, October through May, in Channing Hall, at 4:00 p.m. Plays discontinued until the Fall Season.

Plays: Five plays to be given 1942-43 Season at the Civic Theater, Wacker Drive and Washington Blvd. Subscriptions now available for Fall Season—$4; $3; $2.50.

Studio—410 South Michigan Ave.,—Webster 2123

JUNIOR THEATER OF UPTOWN PLAYERS....Lenore Brown, Director

.....Plays announced from time to time

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.
Student Assistant
V. K. Bose, Meadville School—Dor. 0104

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